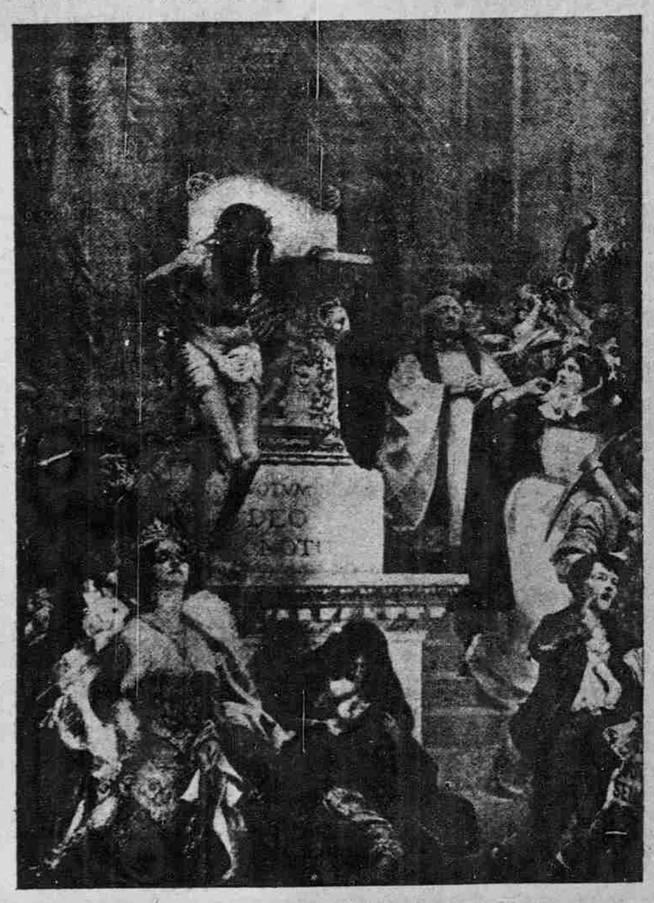
"DESPISED AND REJECTED OF MEN:" AN ARTIST'S SERMON.



—Literary Digest.

SIGISMUND GOETZE'S PAINTING OF CHRIST, AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, LONDON.

At the exhibition of the Royal Academy in London, the great canvas by Sigismund Goetz, entitled "Despised and Rejected of Men," has created an artistic sensation. It is declared to be a "powerful and terribly realistic presentment of Christ" in a modern setting, and is described by a writer in The Christian Commonwealth (London) as follows:

"Those who have seen the picture will realize the impossibility of giving even a faint idea of its power and awful significance. In the center of the canvas is the Christ, standing on a pedestal, bound with ropes, while on either side passes the heedless crowd. A prominent figure is a richly dressed priest, proudly conscious of the perfection of the ritual with which he is starving his higher life. Over the shoulder of the priest looks a stern-faced divine of a very different type. Bible in hand, he turns to look at the divine figure, but the onlooker is conscious that this stern preacher of the letter of the Gospel his missed its spirit, and is as far astray as the priest whose ceremonial is to him anathema. The startled look on the face of the hospital nurse in the foreground is very realistic; so is the absorption of the man of science, so intent on the contents of his test-tube that he has not a glance for the Christ at his side. One of the most striking figures is that of the thoughtless beauty hurrying from one scene of pleasure to another, and spurning the sweet-faced little ragged child who is offering a bunch of violets. In rejecting the plea of the child we know that the proud woman is rejecting the Christ who has identified himself forever with the least of these little ones. The only person in the whole picture who has found time to pause is the mother seated on the steps of the pedestal with her baby in her arms, and we can not but feel that when she has ministered to the wants of her child she will spare a moment for the Lover of little children who is so close to her. In the background stands an angel with bowed head, holding the cup which the world He loved to the death is still compelling the Christ to drink, while a cloud of angel faces look down upon the scene with wonder. As the visitor turns away he is haunted with the music of Stainer's 'Crucifixion,' 'Is is nothing to you, all ye that pass by?'"

The Christian Herald (New York) says: "This allegory—which a critic has aptly called 'a painted sermon'—is applicable to conditions in any part of the civilized world. It is a picture to study deeply and to ponder about, in order that the full force of the lesson it teaches may be understood."

GLASS-EYED BILL.

(Continued from Page 5.)

"But you seem to do it for him," said the Captain.

"I don't suppose my opinion matters particularly."

"Well, it was enough to bring me from England," said the Captain. "What you think or don't think has suddenly become of great importance to many people."

"Don't you think it is about time to tell me why?" she asked. "You have hinted and hinted till I feel like a person in a detective story—and I no sooner seem to touch something than you continue it in the next number."

"Did—Bill—ever tell you of his first cousin, Lord Tranton?"

"Only that he held down the title and was the dead image of the postmaster at Watsonville. Never passes there but he says: 'Look at that tallow-faced, wall-eyed old——'"

"Hush," said the Captain. "Lord Tranton is dead."

"Dead!"

"His two sons with him, and Lady Grace Morrison—William's aunt, you know. All killed in the terrible lift accident at the Hotel des Hesperides in Nice."

"Well, I am sorry," she said, as Anstruther gazed steadfastly at her as though expecting she knew not what. "Sorry for anybody that gets killed, you know—especially in an elevator. But, as I didn't know them, you can't expect me to feel very bad about it, can you?"

"Don't you realize how it will affect William?"

"Oh, he'll be terribly cut up about his aunt. She was the only person who was ever kind to him. The only one in England he ever wrote to—or who wrote to him."

"This makes him Lord Tranton," said the Captain.

"I suppose it does," she said. "I had never thought of that."

"We've thought of it a good deal," said Anstruther.

"Lord Tranton," she repeated. "Then won't his—his wife—be Lady Tranton?"

"That's just it, you see," said the Captain. "She will be Lady Tranton."

"What do you mean by 'it'?" said the girl.

"You'll hardly believe it," said the Captain, disregarding her question, "but for a time we didn't know where under the sun to find him. They, somebody, said about Lady Grace, you know—I believe it was her maid or housekeeper—and we went over all her letters to try and get track of him."

"Well, you've succeeded," she remarked as he hesitated.

"We got on the track of something else," he went on significantly. "It seemed—indeed there was no doubt about it—his affections—er—were seriously engaged—er—to a young lady—er——"

"Me, I suppose?" she said quite calmly.

"Yes, you," he returned, "though it is only fair to William to say that his letters were expressed—er—with considerable reserve—with what you might call perfect respect, you know, and all that kind of thing."

"Of course, I know that," she exclaimed.

"It was very alarming," said the Captain.

"Who for? For you or the young lady or Bill?"

The Captain tugged at his yellow mustache.

"I must really beg your indulgence," he said at last. "I am sure the very last thing in the world I wish to do is to offend you. I had hoped, as I told you, to discuss the matter first with your father."

"We'll just leave Pa out," she said. "It's me that Bill's in love with—not Pa."

"Still it's very awkward," murmured the Captain. "Very awkward."

"So you read Bill's letters and got quite discouraged," she said, smiling.

"He seemed on the verge of committing an—er—irrevocable mistake," said the Captain.

"Is that how you'd describe his marrying me?" she asked.

There was a pause.

"Frankly—yes," said the Captain.

"There are people here who think the irrevocable mistake might be the other way," she remarked.

"Then, my dear young lady," he went on briskly, "the people here have your true interests at heart. Believe me, there can be no lasting happiness in a union that involves a great inequality of station. It is currently said that a man raises his wife to his own level, but a knowledge of the world teaches us that only too often he—er—sinks to hers."

"Bill seems quite satisfied to sink," she returned. "In fact he's been in a panic lest he wouldn't get the chance."

"The Bill of yesterday and the Bill of today are two different men," said the Captain. "He has now a great place to fill. He becomes the head of one of the proudest and most aristocratic families in England. It would be too unutterably sad if he failed in the duty he owes both to his class and to his rank."

"His class and his rank never bothered very much about him out here," she said. "They seemed quite happy in fact to be quit of him. He might have starved to death for all they cared."

"I know we lay ourselves open to that imputation," went on the Captain, in a tone of depressed suavity. "But, as the dear Duke said in the family council we held at Holderton Abbey, 'Circumstances alter cases.'"

"It's not Bill they're thinking about," she said; "it's their noble and splendid selves."

"They cannot very well detach themselves from the affair, even if they would," continued the Captain. "Tranton's disgrace is necessarily theirs."

"If the dear Duke doesn't want to know me, he needn't," she retorted, with a heightened color. "If he doesn't want to play in my yard he can always have the aristocratic privilege of staying out."

"Then there's the dowager Lady Tranton," said the Captain; "Bill's stepmother."

"She too then," said the girl.

"She really feels it more than anybody," sighed the Captain. "The same name, you know—the possibility of mistakes being made—the inevitable confusion of——"

"It's just what you said before, Captain," she exclaimed mockingly. "It's too unutterably sad, isn't it?"

"I know I am expressing myself very badly," he said. "I told them at the time they ought to choose somebody better fitted for the task than I. But the dear Duke was so peremptory, and Lady Tranton cried on my shoulder, and the memory of a life-long obligation naturally turned the scale—and so here I am, and making a terrible mess of it, just as Whitcombe said I would."

"It was certainly a long way to come just to talk to a girl," she said.

"And then to do it so badly," added the Captain.

"I can't see that it's any of their business," she exclaimed.

"I was charged to offer—inducements," said the Captain with embarrassment.

"Inducements? What sort of inducements?"

"Oh, I am almost ashamed to say—er—of a monetary nature."

"Well, you ought to be," she said. "How much?"

"Whitcombe said I was to begin at five thousand pounds."

"The point is, where were you to leave off at?"

"Ten thousand!"

"Why didn't you say it sooner?"

"The fact is—er—the dear Duke thought—er—Whitcombe said——"

"That you might pull it off without?"

The Captain hung his head.

"They must have thought you more of a spellbinder than you are," she remarked cruelly.

"I told Whitcombe myself I was the last man to talk anybody into doing anything," said the Captain.

"Well, it's not enough for Bill," said the girl. "The price of a thing is what it's worth to you. Bill's worth lots more than that—to me."

"I will make it fifteen thousand," said the Captain hesitatingly. "That is, on my own personal responsibility, subject to confirmation by wire."

"Where's the thing for me to sign?" she asked.

He drew out from his breast pocket a large, important-looking document engrossed on sheepskin. It creakled richly as he opened it and spread it flat with his big hands. It was beautifully glossy and Helen thought the Declaration of Independence must have looked like it when it was new. She lay back in the hammock, took a chocolate cream, and gave it her disdainful attention. Bill was renounced with a wealth of legal detail that was positively bewildering; renounced from his head to his heels; renounced awake or sleeping or dining out or sitting up with a sick friend; renounced body and soul, alive or dead, positively and explicitly, for all time, past, present, or to come. She couldn't even say good morning to Bill without violating two whole pages of it; she couldn't even send him a postcard without incurring fourteen lines of different kinds of penalties; and the whole thing was inexplicably intertwined with the Lord Chancellor's displeasure and the High Court of Chancery. It reminded Helen, in the profuseness of its reprobation, to the curse of the Jackdaw of Rheims.

"You are to sign at the places marked in pencil," said the Captain, who had been watching her out of the corner of his eye and who took it for a good sign that she had read it with such care and patience.

Helen gazed at him and then shook her head.

"I wouldn't give up Bill for all the money in England," she exclaimed. "I wouldn't give Bill up if you threw in the Crown Jewels! I wouldn't give him up if you added Westminster Abbey and the Tower of London and the Beef-eaters and the place where Shakespeare was born!"

The Captain slowly took back the Declaration of Independence and folded it up.

"I suppose there is nothing more to be said," he remarked.

"Oh, but there is," she retorted mischievously. "I think it's about time to tell you that Bill and I were married yesterday!"

A JOKE THAT DID NOT PAY.

Mark Twain, at a banquet recently, told the following story of one of his apprenticeship pranks: "About a thousand years ago, approximately, I was apprenticed as a printer's devil to learn the trade, in common with three other boys of about my own age. There came to the village a long-legged individual of about nineteen, from one of the interior counties—fish-eyed, no expression, and without the suggestion of a smile—couldn't have smiled for a salary. We took him for a fool, and thought we would scare him to death.

"We went to the village druggist and borrowed a skeleton. The skeleton did not belong to the druggist, but he had imported it for the village doctor. The price of the skeleton was fifty dollars. We borrowed it about nine o'clock at night, and we got this man—Nicodemus Dodge was his name—to go down out of the way, and then we put it in his bed. He lived in a little one-storeyed log cabin in the middle of a vacant lot. We left him to get home by himself. We enjoyed the result in the light of anticipation, but by-and-by we began to drop into silence.

"The possible consequences were preying upon us. 'Suppose that it frightens him into madness, overturns his reason, and sends him screeching through the streets? We shall spend sleepless nights the rest of our days.' Everybody was afraid. By-and-by it was forced to the lips of one of us that we had better go at once and see what had happened. Loaded down with crime we approached the hut and peeped through the window. That long-legged critter was sitting on the bed with a hunk of gingerbread in his hand, and between the bites he played a tune on a Jew's-harp. There he sat perfectly happy, and all around him were toys and gimcracks and striped candy. He had gone and sold that skeleton for five dollars!

"The druggist's fifty-dollar skeleton was gone. We went in tears to the druggist and explained the matter. We couldn't have raised that fifty dollars in 250 years. We were getting board and clothing for the first year, clothing and board for the second year, and both of them for the third year. But the

Chauffeur—"You'd better be a little careful, sir. My machine might make your horse run." Farmer Oatmeal—"Do tell! Well, it'll be the first time in thirty years."—Chicago News.

SHOCKING.

Mr. Tagg learns that his daughter is going to marry an American. —Life.